

E

457

7

N^o 26

23d

Lincoln

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL
LINCOLN DINNER OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

FEBRUARY TWELFTH, MDCDIX



Class E457

Book .1

.N26

23d

1790101-1



✓
PROCEEDINGS
AT THE TWENTY-THIRD
ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER
OF
THE REPUBLICAN CLUB
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



16
HELD AT
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1909
CELEBRATING THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

E 457

.7

.N 26

232

7 200 1 1 1 1



2 1 3 3 6 1

14

21

9913 2000

MARTYR

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837

ELECTED SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION,
JANUARY 1, 1863.

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

President

CHARLES H. YOUNG

First Vice-President

JOB E. HEDGES

Second Vice-President

WILLIAM A. KEENER

Third Vice-President

WARREN HIGLEY

Recording Secretary

REUBEN LESLIE MAYNARD

Corresponding Secretary

PHILIP J. McCOOK

Treasurer

JAMES L. WANDLING

LINCOLN DINNER COMMITTEE

JOHN A. DUTTON
Chairman

WILLIAM EINSTEIN
Treasurer

WILLIAM H. EVANS
Secretary

OTTO T. BANNARD

REUBEN LESLIE MAYNARD

ROBERT C. MORRIS

EUGENE H. PORTER

HENRY W. TAFT

CHARLES H. TREAT

CHARLES S. WHITMAN

CHARLES H. YOUNG
Ex-Officio

SPEAKERS

MR. CHARLES H. YOUNG, President of the Club, Presiding

Grace

THE RIGHT-REVEREND DAVID H. GREER

Abraham Lincoln

THE HONORABLE THEODORE E. BURTON

The Republican Party

THE HONORABLE JAMES FRANCIS BURKE

Abraham Lincoln

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.

The State of New York

HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

GRACE

The Right-Reverend David H. Greer.

O, Eternal God, High and Blessed Potentate, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the Almighty Ruler of the Nations, we bless and magnify Thy Name for all the great things that Thou hast done for us, all the goodly heritage that Thou hast given us, for the great privilege of civic and religious liberty and for the multiplied tokens of Thy favor. May we always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and gladful to do Thy will. And especially do we thank Thee for the gift to our nation of that wise, humane and gifted man, the anniversary of whose birth we commemorate to-day. For these and all Thy blessings to us, may we show our thankfulness, not only with our lips but also in our lives, by holy and reverent obedience to Thy Will, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS
OF
MR. CHARLES H. YOUNG
President of the Club

Ladies, Guests, and Fellow Members of the Republican Club; I give you cordial greeting on this historical anniversary. One hundred years ago Kentucky in her lowliest home produced Abraham Lincoln. Many of the men who then occupied the centre of the public stage, are to-day but memories, but Lincoln is an inspiration. (Applause.) The so-called aristocracy had up to that hour occupied the high places in the Republic, but upon that day was born into the world, the highest product of our soil, Abraham Lincoln, destined, despite his humble beginnings, to be the greatest of his race and the emancipator of the slave. (Applause.) We are here to-night to do him reverence and honor. The celebration of this anniversary, instituted by us twenty-three years ago, is now the custom of the land, and over the length and breadth of this Republic to-day will be heard words of praise for the equality of man and opportunity, a creed which the Republican party has lived up to since its organization, and the highest example of which is Abraham Lincoln himself in his birth and achievement. Of him it may be said:

He planted the seed of freedom and toiled but to make a sacrifice of himself in martyrdom. Time only has brought full fruitage, flower and glory to the memory of the sower.

He toiled in the Valley of Sorrow and Humiliation, but God has kept the work of his hands, and all men have come to see the sunlight of appreciation which should have been his life portion.

Night has fallen upon him, but the inspiration of his life is to us a guiding star of duty, devotion and love.

A poet of New York, Mr. Joseph Dana Miller, has written for this occasion a commemorative poem, which summarizes the life and accomplishment of Abraham Lincoln in more stately phrase and fitting language than any of which I am capable.

Grasping the Nation's pillars in his arms
That for a moment tottered to their fall,
Where others, timorous, fled, or cried alarms,
Lo, this man was the one strong man of all!

He knew the Nation's peril—never yet
In all the steps by which we upward climb
Have gods for man such task portentous set—
To falter were the turning back of Time.

He raised the fainting bondsman from the ground,
And now the Southland knows, rejoicingly,
That every chain wherewith her slave was bound
Held captive slave and Master—both are free!

Nor did he falter, for he knew not fear—
And that he did not, we are one and free.
Oh, joy of the Republic that is here!
Oh, hope of the Republic yet to be!

Never had greatness such a homely guise,
Yet naught was his that sordid was or mean;
Wise, as the incarnate sense of Love is wise,
His soul was free in that his hands were clean.

And where he walked, lo, slunk the sullen fates,
And now he stands, white to his garment's hem;
Broad based upon the love of these, our states,
Resteth his fame who gave his life for them.

Tender he was, as are the truly great,
And when the hour was dark, and perils wild
Beset him, he who held a tottering state
Could turn to smile upon a little child.

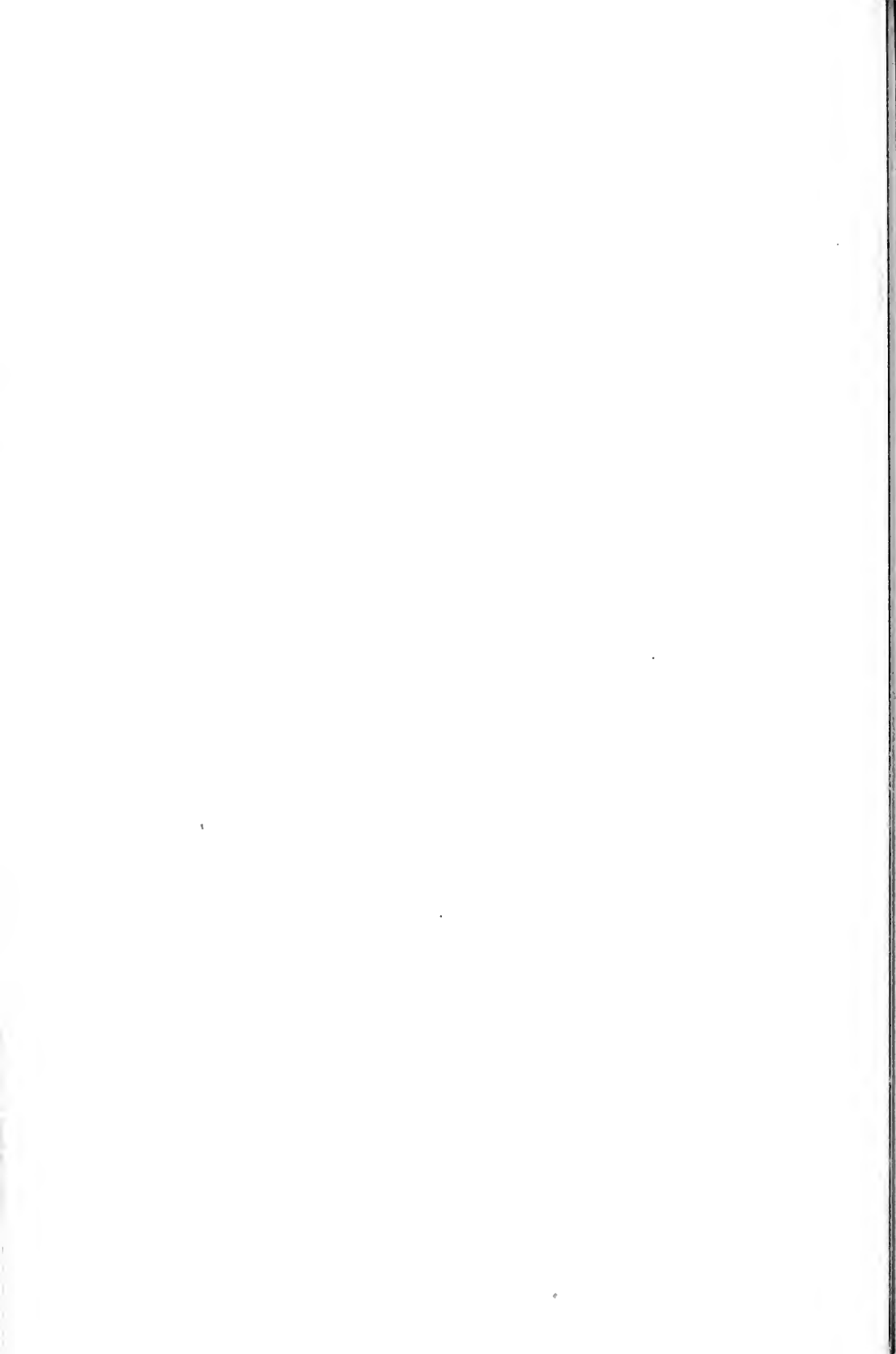
He saw not War alone in flaming crests,
But in the victory read the sad to-morrow;
He saw the mothers clutching to their breasts
Their children in the agony of sorrow.

He called on Justice through her Sister's name
Of Mercy—now his body's with the sod,
But with the constellations and with God,
He liveth in imperishable fame.

Given to shine where'er the soul aspires,
Long as the years of Man their cycles run—
Unto the bright day, with its blazing sun,
Unto the night, with all its solemn fires!
(Applause.)

A commanding figure in a state which produces many great statesmen has claimed our attention in times past. By independence and cleanliness in public life, by a sturdy devotion to duty rather than a subserviency to clamor, by appeals to the consciences of men rather than to their impulses, we have learned to respect Theodore E. Burton, Senator-elect from the State of Ohio. (Applause.)

It gives me great pleasure to introduce him as the first speaker. (Applause.)



ADDRESS OF
HON. THEODORE E. BURTON.

Mr. President, Members of the Republican Club of the City of New York, Ladies and Gentlemen: On this twelfth day of February, 1909, nearly one thousand meetings have been held in the city of New York to celebrate this anniversary. The attendance upon those meetings has probably been larger than upon any occasion in any city for the praise or honor of any human being, living or dead. (Applause.) There have been no ceremonial processions, as to a coronation, no military parade to attract the multitude. It has been simply the plain but impressive tribute of the people to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

Surely this gives reason for a note of optimism. We can not be so deficient in civic virtue as some of our critics at home and abroad would have us. (Applause.) To-day the exchanges have been closed, business suspended and patriotism given the right of way. Love of our country and of the great men who have exalted her is not dead; it is not even sleeping! Prosperity has not separated us from patriotism, and the men who have upon them the garb of business could change their garments and readily assume the uniform of war. So let us be confident for the future. Let us believe that if he whose name we commemorate to-day were to look upon us from the unseen world and were to speak to us he would say, "Enjoy, children of the twentieth century, the abundance which is given to your country, but always let your

hearts and your hands go out to her people, to the poor and lowly, whom I loved, the black as well as the white." (Applause.)

One hundred years ago Abraham Lincoln was born. No painstaking chronicler has given us the hour of the day, whether it were morning or evening; but we are told that the rude cabin was so poor that there was no cradle, nor even a manger, to receive the infant. The habitation was well nigh as barren as the abodes of the very foxes and bears that roamed the woods. But if any discerning spirit could have pierced the veil which conceals the future, he might well have exclaimed, in the language of Macbeth when frightened at the apparition:

"What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?"

For where is the emperor or king who has done so much for the progress of the human race?

A hundred years creates a broad span in the world's history in any age, but the changes of the century since Lincoln was born have an importance in the world's advance surpassing that of all the cycles of Cathay. It is unnecessary to dwell upon all the marvels of invention, the progress of peace and the growth of popular government. Moreover, previous to the year 1815 the predominant condition among the nations was one of war, while since then the prevailing situation has been one of peace, and constructive forces have been powerfully at work. And who in all this period will gain such immortality as he whose birthday we are now observing? In studying the careers of men who have marked off milestones in the forward march of humanity we must come to the

conclusion that it is only when qualities of the heart have been joined to those of the head that the greatest results have been gained. In no man of any age has there been a more superb combination of greatness of intellect with greatness of heart and of will than in him.

Lincoln's influence has not been and will not be confined to any one country or clime. It was the mightiest factor in the establishment of great political principles now gaining the ascendancy almost everywhere. Yet the memory of his deeds will exert its most beneficent influence for all the weak and the struggling who lift their faces heavenward the world over. It may be superfluous to touch again upon the disheartening surroundings of his youth, the poverty and squalor which rested so heavily upon him and yet his rise to the most lofty official position on the globe affords a most inspiring illustration of the possibilities in this free land of ours.

That to which I wish to call especial attention in the life of Abraham Lincoln is that he was the embodiment—it may be said the incarnation—of the people. Lacking in his youth the life of partial seclusion which belongs to educated men, who are trained in colleges or universities, he possessed a compensating advantage arising from his constant contact with the people, and with neighbors and kindred of the less favored ranks of society, whose daily struggle was for the simple necessities of life. Thus he came to understand the emotions, the thoughts, the aspirations of the lowly, and could interpret with unerring instinct those currents of popular feeling with which every public man who expects to succeed must gain familiarity. He was no visionary idealist, for he was peculiarly well informed upon all that interests the mass of our citizens or guides the public

opinion of the nation. He did not need to listen for the voices of the time, or as it is expressed in modern parlance to keep his ear to the ground. He knew the people—he was one of them, and had lived in such close association with them that he could not go astray in judging what they would accept or support.

In every political organization there must be some force which holds the ultimate power. In a military despotism it is a standing army; in an absolute monarchy it is the influence of the court and those surrounding it. But in a well-ordered republic, such as America, the despotism of public opinion holds sway. Without a favoring public opinion great reforms cannot be accomplished. Lincoln realized that it was best to depend upon the convictions of the people, and to appeal to their conscience and their judgment, rather than to seek to exercise an overbearing influence. These forces upon which he relied were stronger than the armies of potentates, and his rule was more powerful than that of the most absolute monarch. There have been other men who were of a more dominant character, and on the other hand there have been those high—yes, highest—in authority who were more disposed to give consideration to the thoughts and sentiments of the time; but for a combination of both these qualities Lincoln stands forth transcendent.

Nor was he a servile follower of the dictates of the majority. Indeed he was matchless as a leader, possessing in the highest degree the ability to conciliate men to his measures, as well as to adapt his course of action to time and surroundings. He lived in a time of upheaval, when party lines were being dissolved and old things were giving way to new—in brief, he lived in the midst of a revolution. We had maintained an army of, say, 25,000 men, and were called upon to

increase it by more than 2,000,000 enlistments. We had enjoyed peace, and had become inured to quietness, when all at once the country was plunged into terrible war. There sprang up the widest and most bitter differences of opinion as to what steps should be taken. With what a masterful hand, with what a marvelous gift in the choice of means and fit occasions, did he harmonize all these divergent factions, and bring together, as in one mighty force, all those who sought to save the Union! He was never premature, nor yet too late, in the taking of any great step. For example, when generals in the field had declared the slaves in their localities to be free he revoked their orders. Yet later, when the time was ripe, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation at the opportune moment, and opposition faded away in recognition of the timeliness of the measure. Thus we can aptly compare him to a mighty river which in its course meets many rocks and obstacles, and encounters sharp turns, but as each obstruction is reached, gracefully parts its waters without turbulence or hindrance and leaving not one drop behind, flows majestically onward with ever increasing volume to the ocean. (Applause.)

In order that the course of a nation's life may be changed by any single individual there must be first a great occasion, and next a man predestined by his qualities to meet it. Some great problem in which the line between right and wrong can be clearly drawn must demand solution. This occasion existed in 1861 in the call to resist the aggressions of slavery. The nation's conscience was becoming awakened, and this frightful crime was beginning to appear to all in its true light. In the second place, the time had come when there must be a settlement of the all-important question of the relations between the central govern-

ment and the different units which make it up. A growing spirit of nationality had rendered it imperative that the vagueness and the compromises of the early days should be cleared away. To grapple with these momentous difficulties there was required a leader endowed with clearness of insight, capacity for presenting unanswerable arguments for the policies he advocated, and a mind and heart which should assure for him popular confidence. And all these requisites Abraham Lincoln possessed in a fullness which made him supreme as the man of the hour. (Applause.)

With mighty grasp he comprehended his country's needs more clearly than any other statesman, and was able to distinguish the proper remedies and frame the wisest plans for the relief of existing conditions. More courageously and distinctly than any other man of the time he pointed out the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. Unequalled in the keenness of his reasoning and the cogency with which he could state the grounds of his beliefs, he added to his logical faculty an aptitude in illustration which enabled him to make his arguments clear even to the humblest man.

Senator Ingalls once told me that in the year 1859 Mr. Lincoln had addressed a meeting out in Kansas. The Senator was a member of the entertainment committee, and on the following morning he went around to the little hotel and found Mr. Lincoln, with a great pair of old style rubbers on, warming his feet by the stove and entertaining a number of stage drivers with very interesting stories. It has been said that occasionally his stories were not of the most refined character. It is unfortunate sometimes to have a good memory. (Laughter.) But Mr. Lincoln's anecdotes were like the fables of Aesop—not the language

of a jester, but told to make clear to simpler minds complex and difficult problems, and, beside, in order to relieve the dreadful tensivity of the times. With the accounts of slaughter morning and evening, and with the great strain which rested upon him in Washington, there was need of some means of keeping his heart from being overborne and his will from bending. Twenty-five years ago this very evening I remember having heard from Mr. John Hay, afterwards Secretary of State, a story of Lincoln's which shows the latter's wonderful facility in illustrating the salient points of a situation. When Colonel Hay was private secretary at the White House he had instructions not to wake the President unless something of extreme importance was to be communicated. One night a dispatch came from General Burnside from Knoxville, Tennessee, to the effect that defeat and surrender were practically upon him, and deeming this sufficiently urgent, Mr. Hay went upstairs and roused Mr. Lincoln with the information. After yawning a little, Lincoln said, "I am glad of it; I am glad to hear it." "But, Mr. President, that does not seem an item of news to be glad of." "Well," said Lincoln, "it reminds me of a poor woman I used to know out in Menard County." (His illustrations usually came from Menard or Sangamon or Logan or other counties in that vicinity.) "She had a large brood of children. They wandered through the woods, and it was impossible for her to clothe them properly—she could hardly feed them. The woman always used to say that it did her heart good whenever any of those young ones came around squalling, because then she knew he was still alive, while otherwise she might not know but that he was dead." (Laughter.) I think no explanation is needed to show how perfectly this applied to the situation.

After the battle of Malvern Hill Lincoln was approached by a prominent Senator with a very dejected bearing, and the President said, "Why, Senator, you have a very sad face to-day. It reminds me of a little incident." The distinguished caller took it upon himself to rebuke Lincoln, saying, "Mr. President, this situation is too grave for the telling of anecdotes. I do not care to listen to one." Mr. Lincoln was aroused by this remark and replied, "Senator, do you think that this situation weighs more heavily upon you than it does upon me? If the cause goes against us, not only will the country be lost, but I shall be disgraced to all time. But what would happen if I appeared upon the streets of Washington to-day with such a countenance as yours?" (Applause.) "The news would be spread throughout the country that the President's very demeanor is an admission that defeat is inevitable. And I say to you, sir, that it would be better for you to infuse some cheerfulness into that countenance of yours as you go about upon the streets of Washington." A man who was witness of this conversation is still living.

And we may dismiss the idea that Lincoln was gross in his stories. He may have related some anecdotes which did not rise to the highest degree of dignity, but they were for the purpose, as I have said, of illustrating difficult problems or relaxing the gloom of the times.

In addition to his penetrating perception of the needs of the day and his remarkable mental equipment for bringing his views home to the minds of the people, Lincoln possessed a rugged sincerity and an integrity of purpose which gained for him the unswerving confidence of his fellow citizens. He sympathized deeply with all the best hopes and desires of humanity, and his participation in the freeing of

the slaves was merely one indication of his identity with the plain people whom God had made. Every fibre of his nature was permeated with conceptions which caused him to espouse the cause of the weak and the lowly, and gave him strength with all who were actuated by conscience. Endowed with such a personality, Lincoln was the living representative of the spirit of pure democracy—and of the essential principle contained in the immortal declaration that all men are created equal.

It is to be remembered of Abraham Lincoln, too, that he was an heroic figure in no ordinary time, but in a day of Titanic conflict. To many of us the Civil War is becoming an indistinct memory. I count that person fortunate who was born in time to recall the stirring events of that thrilling era—the gathering of one of the mightiest armies of all ages from the farms and workshops and counting houses; the undying spirit of patriotism which was aroused; the quick-flashing news of defeats and victories; the rumors of the fall of Richmond, reported and denied within a single day; and the unspeakable calamity in the loss of the lives of the flower of the youth of the North and the South alike, whose absence can never be atoned for in our nation's progress, and whose graves are scattered over plain and valley, an everlasting reminder of the magnitude and horror of the great struggle! In this colossal combat Abraham Lincoln looms up as the bulwark of the Union; as the great force for the maintenance of law and the preservation of our country. When days were dark and friends were falling off he issued a call for troops, and from the great loyal heart of the North came a mighty response,

"We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore;
You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake our brothers' bones beside!" (Applause.)

The great free people of our land were aroused, and an army was gathered as strong, as sure to be triumphant, as any that ever mustered beneath the eagles of any sovereign of the old world; and as efficient in its service as the most highly trained and disciplined veterans of Europe's legions, though often meeting with defeat and high mortality losses. And why? Because they were fighting with a leader whom they trusted, and for a great cause. Because there was no hireling or mercenary spirit actuating them, but rather their sense of responsibility to the great country which they loved so well and for which they were willing to die.

Well may it be said that in all the selections of rulers there was never a more fortunate choice than when the great convention at Chicago named Abraham Lincoln. But for the great emergency of the time and the happy circumstance of this nomination he might have remained a mere local figure, with a fame scarcely extending beyond the bounds of a single state. In the hour of the nation's extremest peril he was called to the direction of affairs. With a strong hand and a gentle heart he guided the country through and brought victory out of rebellion. Yet in that mighty contest there was not in him any of that overmastering self-seeking which has made many men great. He was great because he must be.

The forces which impelled him were rather overwhelming compulsions dwelling within him and driving him onward as if irresistible Fate determined the path, into new and grander ways of goodness and beneficence; making of him, almost before he was aware, emancipator of slaves and the restorer of his country. He executed the decrees of destiny which were laid upon him to execute.

In all the duties of his great office there was an abiding belief that even those who were his enemies would yet see the right way. The first weapons which suggested themselves to him were not force and violence, but reason and persuasion. Even in the hearts of those who were in rebellion he was sure that better angels existed, and reaching out a hand across the chasm between North and South, which was soon to be so bloody, he appealed to those who were seeking to destroy the government in the historic words so often repeated: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." At the same time he asked why there should not be patient confidence in the justice of the people, demanding if there were any better or equal hope in the world.

And again, toward the close of the war, what could have been more noble than Lincoln's policy of preparing the way for lasting peace? His life was cut off before the days of reconstruction, but his policy was always one of conciliation. He resorted to no cruel measures. He recognized the Southern soldiers as belligerents, and took care that prisoners were well provided for; always keeping in mind the time when the disunited states should once more be parts of an

even mightier nation within which the North and South would dwell together in harmony and in strength. No one contributed equally with him to the good feeling which now prevails between different sections of the country—a good feeling which Lincoln was sure would exist again, though time would be necessary to heal the awful wounds.

For every great leader who has played a prominent part in the world's affairs there is what may be called a to-day and a to-morrow. The to-day of Abraham Lincoln was chiefly made up of the brief period of a little more than four years, during which he acted as chief magistrate. His to-morrow will be made up of the deathless influence which his memory and example will exert upon the world's future. The world will give him more than an immortality of fame; it will give him an immortality of influence as well, an influence as potent as if he still dwelt upon the earth. To all time he will be remembered as a noble type of that true greatness which delights in sympathy and in mercy. I do not recall that Lincoln ever signed a death warrant. I do know that he saved many a life from death, and that even the weak and the outcast were given equal consideration with the strongest and most fortunate, when they came to the White House to secure a hearing from the President of the United States. (Applause.) On other anniversaries and in future generations he will be honored not alone because of his great office, nor because of his great place in history, but also because of his kindly nature and the depth of his sympathies. With a melancholy which seemed to forecast his tragic fate he lived the life which we live—unselfish, often in sorrow, noble in all those qualities which become a man. His personal presence is no longer with us, but if ever corruption or treason shall be prevalent in the land, if

moral desolation shall bring us near to the gates of death, then the patriot who, weary and despairing, grows faint in the struggle, will in the dreams and hopes which give courage to his spirit, see the form of Abraham Lincoln again among the people whom he loved so well, sadder, kindlier, mightier than when alive. (Applause.)

I congratulate you, citizens of New York, on the prospects of almost limitless development here afforded you in this great metropolis. Its growth has excelled that of any city in the annals of commerce. More than twenty-five hundred years ago the center of the world's commerce was located at Tyre, described by one of the prophets as "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." After the lapse of centuries Carthage assumed the same proud position. Then, after centuries more, the commercial center, by the fortunes of war, shifted to imperial Rome. Later still, and by more peaceful forces, Venice and subsequently Amsterdam became the leading marts of trade; until there was made the change which seemed to fix the final seat of commercial power at London. Yet in the past few decades it has become apparent that another change has been coming to pass, this time assuredly the final one, from London on the banks of the Thames to New York City on the banks of the Hudson. (Applause.) Other cities there are which take the forefront in some particular department of commerce, industry or finance; but it remains for you to be supreme in all. May your civic life ever be worthy of a city so great and prosperous.

Republicans and Democrats, you have you responsibility in the Government of this country, for the standards in politics and in public life. (Applause.) Life should not be made up of trips from

uptown, downtown, nor of the sole pursuit of a single profession or branch of business. Our everyday thought should turn to the state, which has given us these golden opportunities of life and to which we owe allegiance as citizens.

I have sometimes spoken on the rights of politicians. The prevalent idea is that no one is entitled to any large degree of credit who has been in political life until he passes beyond the river. Then he is sometimes called a statesman. (Laughter.) But my contention is that every politician has a right to be judged carefully and fairly, not superficially. The public should not make up its decisions on the basis of sensational headlines, but each citizen should give that attention to the affairs affecting his country, his state and his city which he bestows on his own profession or occupation. (Applause.)

President Harrison very appropriately said, in speaking of the framing of our Constitution, that no set of men could have framed an instrument or established a government so perfect that the intelligent and patriotic members of society could go away and leave the document to take care of itself and of the public weal. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and eternal diligence is the price of good government. My thought is that the crying evil in the politics of the day is the indifference of the very large share of our citizens. (Applause.) Graft will disappear, corrupt men will be driven out of office—indeed will no longer be able to obtain office—if the citizens of this republic give that attention to public affairs which they owe, not only for the credit and the glory of their country, but for their own benefit as well. (Applause.) Let this, citizens of New York, be your study, to make for yourselves a model municipality, and then so long as the Hudson flows by to the sea

this city will be a source of influence, yes, of almost commanding influence, in the concerns which pertain to the state and nation.

A hundred years from now others will gather to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. I do not know what will be the conditions then. I am not sure whether our sovereignty shall be confined within the present borders of what is called Continental America. Our influence may have extended far beyond those limits. But if there shall be expansion I hope that it will not be by conquering legions or battleships, but by the realization on the part of our neighbors that they will be better off with us, as a part of the free United States of America, so that they shall come to us voluntarily seeking annexation. (Applause.) I cannot forecast what will be our means of communication, whether on the earth, or the sea, or in the air. Neither do I know what will be the prevailing type of American manhood and womanhood; but I most earnestly hope that this type will be cast in the same splendid mould which has furnished the men and women of the best days of the past and the present—men and women with the highest ideals; and that then, as now, the memory of Abraham Lincoln will be an inspiration and an example to follow and to emulate, though “dynasties shall have decayed and golden diadems crumbled into dust.” (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF
HON. JAMES FRANCIS BURKE.

President Young: Mere eloquence, while not a lost art, has become less pleasing in the past few years. But eloquence aided by thought and ideas is a treasure of to-day. Our next speaker thus exemplifies in the American Congress, the employment of both matter and manner in his oration. I have the pleasure of introducing to you, Mr. James Francis Burke, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

MR. BURKE.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Republican Club of the City of New York, whose guest I have the honor to be, and you, Ladies and Gentlemen: My friend, the coming senator from Ohio may have surprised some of this splendid gathering to-night, but he has neither surprised nor disappointed me. He has done that which he always does. When the opportunity presents itself he fills the atmosphere with eloquence and with ideas, covers all the ground so completely that there is little, if anything, remaining to be said when he has finished, and so much am I impressed with his example and with the benefit of association with him that I have consented to a willingness to follow him from the House of Representatives into the Senate of the United States. (Laughter.) Every ambitious man in the world, and there are ambitious men in politics, exclusive of Theodore Burton and inclusive of Theodore Burton—(laughter)—every man who has an ambitious instinct has

something to accomplish, and I am now about to realize one of the most cherished ambitious of my life, a prize that every man in public life seeks to acquire, and that is for a few moments, on a great occasion, to hold the attention of a distinguished and discriminating audience in the chief city of my country. (Applause.) A few months ago it was my distinguished privilege to open the national campaign, in which my friend, Mr. Sheldon, played an important part, in the great State of Illinois, and an hour or two before the great meeting on the plains, the committee invited me, as it was under the shadow of the log cabin in which Lincoln had spent his youth—invited me to a little cemetery on the hillside, and I rode for an hour or more through the dust and under the summer suns to be stood beside the grave of the first sweetheart of Abraham Lincoln, that is marked to-day by a simple stone bearing no other inscription than her name—"Ann Rutledge." And the simplicity of the scene itself I thought was in keeping with everything that pertained to Abraham Lincoln. If there is any characteristic which has been elaborated upon by my distinguished friend that emphasised the nobility of Lincoln, it was that sublime simplicity which was associated as well with the humility of Bethlehem as with the courage of Calvary. And back of that all was the spirit of the great, noble mother who trained him in the way he ought to go. And as there is no toast upon the list to-night, I repeat the tribute of Bryant to American womanhood:

"If I knew where, amidst myrtle bowers and flowers that never wither, there gushed from the ground the fountain of eternal youth, I would offer to the lips of every one of them a beaker of its fresh and sparkling waters and bid them all to drink unfading bloom." (Applause.)

It is not my intention, Dr. Washington, to infringe for a moment upon the toast to which you are to respond. I have been asked to say a word regarding an institution that was indissolubly identified with Abraham Lincoln, and the best thing I can say of it and the best that I can say of him is that without Lincoln the Republican party would have amounted to little, and without the Republican party Abraham Lincoln would have been deprived of the great opportunity which he took advantage of, of proving to be the greatest benefactor of his race.

Political parties are peculiar to the American form of government. They seem to be peculiarly adapted to the form of government which was established here many, many years ago. The party for which it is my honor to respond to-night was born in 1856 in the City of Pittsburgh, in the heart of the district which it is my distinguished pleasure to represent in the American Congress. (Applause.) And while it attained its name then and did not until then announce in definite form its principles, yet those principles were as old as the nation itself.

The Wise Men of the East followed the Star of Bethlehem that led to the cradle of the world's Redeemer, and seventeen hundred years later the dauntless spirit of our forefathers followed the star of hope across the strange, unbeaten pathways of the seas, guided by the star that led to the cradle of human liberty, and arriving here they established a form of government in order to effectually conduct which it was essential to establish parties in connection with it. And with all respect to the party of the opposition, the party of Jefferson and of Jackson, the party whose banner has been borne by millions of brave and brilliant men, I say to you that there never was a combination of ideas, nor association of men, that

accomplished as great a degree of good in a given length of time as the Republican party created only a half a century ago. (Applause.) And because of that, my friends, as a Pennsylvanian, as an American, I am proud to enjoy membership in that party. I could divide it into four sections to-night and every one of them would prove its worthiness to live in history.

I would strip it of all the men who stand for its distinguished principles, now; I would strip it of the great principles it is struggling to enforce to-night; I would strip it of the men who have ornamented its history in the past and I would recall only the principles it has stood for and the things it has accomplished in the days ago, and it would prove a great organization.

Beginning with the administration of the man whose memory we honor to-night, the abolition of slavery, it enforced with success one of the most beneficent principles that ever animated the action of man in the accomplishment of a noble purpose. In that struggle the party was led by Lincoln. (Applause.) And led not under the favorable circumstances that attend you and me to-night, under the glare of lights and amidst beautiful enchanting scenes, but at a time when all his surroundings were of a discordant and of a discouraging character. With divided counsels in his cabinet, with his generals working at cross purposes in the field and acrimonious discussions on the floor of the American Congress impairing the very strength and the functions of that body, Abraham Lincoln stood in the centre of it all, the representative of the Republican party, the champion of her principles, undisturbed and alone, and in

the end he succeeded because of the kindness of heart, the generosity and the breadth of the mind that characterized his whole career.

The great purpose which he started out to accomplish—and it was not a new purpose born under the roof or within the walls of the White House—for back in the '30s Abraham Lincoln fought for and declared against the extension of the black laws in the Northern States. Again, when he entered the halls of Congress, he championed the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. It was odious to him in any form in any corner of Christendom, but it was doubly vile when it existed under the shadows of the nation's capital. And after it was all accomplished, when he had led his children out of the wilderness of slavery and into the sight of the promised land of liberty, Lincoln laid down and died like Moses in the very sight of the promised land. Oh, my friends, that one great purpose alone accomplished by his unerring leadership, followed by the reconstruction of the Union, followed later by the resumption of specie payment and placing the American Republic's credit again on a substantial basis, are among the things which in themselves, stripped of all else, would make the Republican party a worthy institution to live in the history of any nation. But forget those and advert to the principles she stands for to-night. What are they? The maintenance of American institutions, the maintenance of the gold standard the wide world over, and, above all, as it was discovered in the recent controversy, the preservation of the integrity of our courts of justice. (Applause.) Aside from preserving them, our great leader to-night is engaged in binding in closer bonds than ever marked her history every section of this Union. He who has arrived within a few hours in the city of New Orleans and is

being feted and honored there to-night, is ambitious to make the American Republic in the North and South one in which permanent geographic political differences will disappear, just as patriotic differences disappeared many years ago. And it is my hope and it is my prediction that before many years the avowed purpose of the American people, led by that great judge, that splendid leader, that man world-wide in experience, William Howard Taft, will have been accomplished in the fullest degree. (Applause.) But for the moment, for the purpose only of following my theme, forget him, if you can—and pass to the Governor of your own State (applause) and from him one step farther to the keen and able intellect of your newly chosen senator, Elihu Root (applause), and then as we pass the White House let us pause in the presence of our President and here let me pay tribute in the form of an incident that occurred in the city of Brussels a few years ago about this very hour. Let me say to you that which to my mind brought the greatest tribute that the nations ever knew to the Chief Executive of the American Republic in his capacity as peacemaker of the world. After all the rulers of the nations had sought in vain to bring about peace, after men, women and children, East and West and North and South, had prayed in vain to restore the harmony of nations, at nine o'clock on the night of the 29th of August, after Russia and Japan had been mowing down their brothers on the field, there came into the heart of Europe a message of the size of that (indicating a menu card), which said: "America wins. Peace has been declared. The President of the United States has won. Japan and Russia are at peace again and the war is over." (Applause.) And I was asked that night—I had been comparatively ignored until that hour among the

delegates of the nineteen nations of the world who were assembled in that convention at the Peace Conference in the Belgian Capital, but when that incident transpired we were sought out and they said, "Oh, you are from America!" And we said, "Yes, you bet we are from America." (Applause.) And we said more than that; we said, "We not only belong to America, but we belong to the Republican party that gave to America the leader and the President that made the great achievement possible in honor of which you have cheered here to-night." (Applause.) He, too, is proof of the Republican party's greatness.

Let us pass now to the name of him who in your own Empire State laid down his life, whose striking face was seen in many a national gathering, who was universally beloved by his people throughout the nation, the man whose remains were taken across the states over tracks of steel which had been buried in lilies and roses laid there by the school children of the Republic, the man whose remains are resting to-night almost under the shadows of his Canton home, and in the presence of whose name, even, every American head is bared, and every American thought is inspired with nobility—William McKinley. (Applause.) He, too, was the product of the Republican party. And then one step backward, passing the hundreds of thousands of Union soldiers who fought and the intrepid Grant who led, to him who had so much to do with founding the party of which I speak, to the man whose memory we honor to-night. In the silent temple of American genius there are many knights and many nobles. At Monticello Jefferson sleeps the sleep of peace; at Mount Vernon, where the nations of the world daily pay their tribute, Washington rests forever in an honored tomb. The remains of Blaine, the magnetic leader of his day, lie

near the roots of a shattered oak on the heights of Arlington. The resting place of Sherman is on the banks of the Mississippi beyond the heights of St. Louis, where they laid him on that memorable night when they sounded the taps. Garfield rests under the soil of Ohio and Grant on the banks of the majestic Hudson, but the grandest character of all the centuries, the Prince of the Purple Chamber of America's nobility, sleeps to-night on the outskirts of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, under a monument around which the American people have woven a golden chain of gratitude and in the presence of which ten million "children of the shadow" bare heads as they look into the stars and whisper with you and me—"God bless the memory of Abraham Lincoln." (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.

President Young: When reason, expediency and opportunity combined, Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. A little boy of five years was by that act given an opportunity to seek a higher level. How well that opportunity has been employed is known of all men. That boy has made good and has devoted his life to raising his fellows to lives of industry, thrift and education. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Dr. Booker T. Washington. (Applause.)

MR. WASHINGTON.

President Young and Gentlemen: You ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen to speak to you to-night of Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry, nor by training, to be your teacher to-night, for, as I have stated, I was born a slave. My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I lay sleeping one morning on the dirt floor of our slave cabin; I was awakened by the prayers of my mother kneeling over my bed as I lay wrapped in a bundle of rags, earnestly praying that one day Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the chance, Gentlemen of the Republican Club, to celebrate with you and the nation to-night the answer to that prayer. (Applause.) Says the Great Book somewhere, "Though a man die, yet shall he live." If this be true of the

ordinary man, how much more is it true of the hero of the hour and the hero of the century, Abraham Lincoln. One hundred years of the life and influence of Lincoln is the story of the struggle, the trials, the triumphs, the success of the people of our complex American civilization. Interwoven into the warp and woof of this story is the moving story of the people of all races and colors in their struggles from weakness to power, from poverty to wealth, from slavery to freedom. Knit into the story of the life of Lincoln also is the story of the success of the nation, and the welding of all creeds, colors and races into one great composite nation, leaving each individual, separate group free to lead and live its own special social life, yet each a part of a great whole. If a man die, shall he live? Answering this question as applied to my race perhaps you expect me to confine my words of appreciation to the great boon that our martyred president conferred upon my race. My undying gratitude and that of ten millions of my race for that, and yet more. To have been the instrument which was used by Providence to confer freedom upon four millions of African slaves, now grown into ten millions of free American citizens, would within itself have brought eternal fame to any name. But, my friends, this is not the only claim that Lincoln has upon our sense of gratitude and our sense of appreciation. To-day by the side of General S. C. Armstrong (applause), and by the side of William Lloyd Garrison, Lincoln lives. In the very highest sense he lives in the present more potently than fifty years ago. If that which is seen is temporal, that which is unseen is eternal. He lives in the thirty-two thousand young men and women of the negro race learning trades and other useful occupations, in the two hundred thousand farms acquired by those that he

freed, in the more than four hundred thousand homes built, in the forty-six banks established and ten thousand stores owned, in the five hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of taxable property in hand, in the twenty-eight thousand public schools with thirty thousand teachers, in the one hundred and seventy industrial schools, colleges and universities, and in the twenty-three thousand churches and twenty-six thousand ministers. But, my friends, above and beyond all this he lives in the steady unalterable determination of these millions of black citizens to continue to climb the ladder of the highest success, to perfect themselves in the highest usefulness and to perfect themselves year by year in strong, robust American characters. (Applause.) For making all this possible, Lincoln lives to-night. But again, for a higher reason, he lives to-night in every corner of the Republic. To set the physical man free means much; to set the spiritual man free means more, for so often the keeper is on the inside of the prison bars and the prisoner on the outside. As an individual, as grateful as I am to Lincoln for freedom of body, my gratitude is still greater for freedom of soul, the liberty which permits one to live up in that atmosphere where he refuses to permit sectional or racial hatred to drag down and warp and narrow his soul. The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another still greater and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to four millions of African slaves at the same time struck the shackles of slavery from the souls of twenty-seven millions of American citizens of another color. (Applause.)

In any country, regardless of what its laws may say, wherever people act upon the principle that the

disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest individual, there freedom exists. (Applause.) In abolishing slavery Lincoln proclaimed the principle that even in the case of the humblest and lowest of mankind, the welfare of each is still the good of all. In re-establishing in this country the principle that at bottom the interests of humanity and the individual are one, he freed men's souls from spiritual bondage and he freed them to mutual helpfulness. Henceforth no man or no race in the North or in the South need feel constrained to hate or fear his brother. By the same token that Lincoln made America free, he pushed back the boundaries of freedom everywhere, gave the spirit of liberty a wider influence throughout the world and re-established the dignity of man as a man. (Applause.) By the same act that freed my race he said to the civilized and uncivilized world that man everywhere must be free, that man everywhere must be enlightened, and the Lincoln spirit of freedom and fair-play will never cease to spread and grow in power until throughout the world men everywhere shall know the truth and the truth shall make them free. (Applause.)

Lincoln was wise enough to recognize that which is true in the present and true for all time, that in a state of slavery man renders the lowest and most costly form of service to his fellows. In a state of freedom and enlightenment he renders the highest and most helpful form of service. The world is fast learning that of all forms of slavery there is none that is so degrading, that is so hurtful, as that form of slavery which makes one human being to hate another by reason of his race or by reason of his color. (Applause.) One man, my friends, cannot hold an-

other man down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. (Laughter.) When I was a boy I used to have a great reputation for fighting. (Laughter.) I could whip every boy with whom I fought and I was careful to maintain that reputation as long as possible, but the people about me did not know how I maintained it. I was always careful in my selection of the boy with whom I fought. (Laughter.) I was always sure that he was smaller than I was, weaker than I was. As I grew older I used to take pleasure, as I thought, in getting hold of those little fellows and holding them down in the ditch, but when I grew to manhood I soon learned that when I held those little fellows down in the ditch I had to remain down there with them as long as they remained, and to let them up I had to get up myself. (Laughter.)

My friends, one who goes through life with his eyes closed against all that is best in another race is as narrow and as circumscribed as one who fights in battle with one hand tied behind him.

Lincoln was in the truest sense great because he unfettered himself. He climbed up out of the valley where his vision was narrowed and weakened by the fog and miasma onto the mountain top, where in pure and unclouded atmosphere he could see the truth which enabled him to rate all men at their true worth. Growing out of his universal ascent and atmosphere may there crystallize throughout the nation a resolve that on such a mountain the American people will strive to live. (Applause.) We owe then to Lincoln, physical freedom, moral freedom, and yet not all. There is a debt of gratitude which we as individuals, no matter to what race or nation we may belong, must recognize as due to Abraham Lincoln. Not for what he did as Chief Magistrate of a nation,

for what he did as a man. In his rise from the most abject poverty and ignorance to a position of the highest usefulness and power, he taught one of the greatest of all lessons. In fighting his own battle from obscurity and squalor he fought the battle of every other individual and every other race that was down, and so helped to pull up every other man that was down, no matter where he lived. People so often forget that by every inch that the lowest man crawls up he makes it easier for every other man to get up. To-day throughout the world, because Lincoln lived and struggled and triumphed, every boy who is ignorant, every boy who is in poverty, every boy who is despised, every boy who is discouraged holds his head a little higher, his heart beats a little faster, his ambition to be something and to do something is a little stronger, because Lincoln blazed the way. (Applause.)

To my own race at this point in its career there are special lessons for us in the life of Abraham Lincoln. In so far as his life emphasizes patience, long suffering, sincerity, naturalness, dogged determination and courage, courage to avoid the superficial, courage to persist insistently and seek after the substance instead of the shadow, so far as it emphasizes these elements, the character, the life of Lincoln points the road that my race is to travel to success. As a race we are learning more and more, I believe, in an increasing degree, that the best way for us to honor the memory of our great emancipator is in trying to be like him. Like him, the negro should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. That is great power, not simplicity. Great men are always simple men, great races are those that strive for simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can de-

grade us except ourselves, and that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us. Like other races we shall meet with obstacles. The negro will often meet with stumbling blocks, often be sorely tried, often be sorely tempted, but he should remember that freedom in its highest and broadest sense has never been a bequest, it is always a conquest. (Applause.) In the final test the success of our race will be in proportion to the service that it renders to the world. In the long run the badge of service is the badge of sovereignty. (Applause.)

With all his other elements of strength, Lincoln possessed in the highest degree, patience, and, as I have said, courage. The highest form of courage is not that which is always exhibited on the battlefield in the midst of the flare of trumpets and the waving of flags. The highest courage is of the Lincoln kind; it is the same kind of courage that is daily manifested by the thousands of young men and young women who are going out from Hampton and Tuskegee and Atlanta, and similar institutions, without thought of salary, without thought of personal comfort, and are giving up their lives in the erection of a school system, the building of school houses, the prolonging of school terms, the teaching of our people how to build decent, clean homes and live honorable, clean lives. And, my friends, those young men and young women who are going out in this simple way are fighting the battles of this country just as truly, just as bravely, as any man who goes out to do battle against a foreign foe. (Applause.)

In paying my tribute of respect to the martyred president I desire to say a word further in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South, who, though they thought they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all that they believed in and hoped

for, have nevertheless loyally accepted the results of the Civil War and to-day are working with a courage that few people in the North can understand or appreciate to uplift the negro, and thus complete the emancipation which Lincoln began. (Applause.) And here I am almost tempted, my friends, even in this presence, to add that it would require almost as high a degree of courage for men of the type of J. M. L. Curry, John E. Gordon and Robert E. Lee to accept in the manner and the spirit that they did the results of the Civil War as the courage displayed on the battlefield, by Lincoln, by Grant and Sherman in saving the Republic. (Applause.)

And in this connection, my friends, forgive me for adding this in this presence: I am glad to meet here the Bishop of the City of New York; I am glad to meet here the senator-elect from the great State of Ohio; I am glad to meet the president of your club; I am glad to greet and to shake hands with all the noble men who surround this banquet board, but, my friends, there is one man in this room whom I am glad most of all to meet, and that is the young man who played with me when I was a slave, the grandson of the man who owned my body on a Virginia farm—I refer to my friend, Mr. A. H. Burroughs, whom I met for the first time this week since the day of slavery, and who is now an honored lawyer in your city. (Applause.) How well do I remember that in the days of slavery we played together in my master's yard, and perhaps fought together. But, my friends, I recall also the picture early one morning of the slaves gathering around the master's house and about hearing for the first time the Emancipation Proclamation read to us that declared us free. The same proclamation that declared me a freeman declared my boyhood friend and the grandson of my former owner a free man at the same time. (Applause.)

Lincoln also, my friends, let me add, was a Southern man by birth, but he was one of those white men of whom there is a large and growing class who resented the idea that in order to assert and maintain the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race it was necessary that another group of human beings should be kept in ignorance. Lincoln was not afraid or ashamed to come in contact with the lowly of all races. His reputation and social standing were not of such a transitory and transparent kind that he was afraid that he would lose them by being kind and just even to a man of dark skin. I always pity from the bottom of my heart any man who feels that somebody else must be kept down and kept in ignorance in order that he may appear great by comparison. (Laughter and applause.) It requires no courage for a strong man to keep a weak man down. Lincoln lives to-day because he had a courage that made him refuse to hate the man at the North or the man at the South when they did not agree with him. He had the courage, as well as the patience and foresight, to suffer the silence to be misunderstood, to be abused, to refuse to revile when reviled, because he knew if he was right the ridicule of to-day would mean the applause of to-morrow. He knew, too, that in some distant day our nation would repent of the folly of cursing its public servants while they live and blessing them only when they die. In this connection I cannot refrain from suggesting the question to the millions of voices raised to-day in his praise: "Why didn't you say it yesterday? Just that one word of gratitude, one word of appreciation would have gone so far in strengthening his heart and his hand." (Applause.) As we recall to-night his words and deeds we can do so with grateful hearts and strong faith in the future for the spread of righteousness. The civilization of the world is going forward, not backward. Here and there, for a little

season, progress may seem to halt or tarry by the wayside, or even slide backwards, but the trend is ever onward and upward and will be so until some man invent and enforce a law to stop the progress of civilization. In goodness and in liberality the world moves forward. It moves forward beneficently, but it moves forward relentlessly. In the last analysis the forces of nature are behind the progress of the world, and those forces will crush into powder any group of humanity that resists this progress.

As we gather here to-night, brothers all in common joy and thanksgiving for the life of Lincoln, can I not ask that you, the worthy representatives of seventy millions of white Americans, join heart and hand with the ten millions of black Americans, these ten millions who speak your tongue, profess your religion and have never lifted their voices or their hands except in defense of their country's honor and their country's flag (applause) and with us swear eternal fealty to the traditions and to the memory of the sainted Lincoln? I repeat, may I not ask that you join with us and let us all here highly resolve that justice, good will and peace shall be the motto of our lives. And if this be true, my friends, Lincoln shall not have lived and died in vain. And, finally, gathering inspiration and encouragement from this hour and Lincoln's life, I pledge to you and to the nation that my race, in so far as I can speak for it, which, in the past, whether in slavery or in freedom, whether in ignorance or intelligence, has always been true to the highest and best interests of this country, has always been true to the stars and stripes, will strive so to deport itself that it will reflect nothing but the highest credit upon the whole people in the North and in the South. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF
HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.

President Young: We all remember the pleasure we had a few years since in listening to an oration on Abraham Lincoln by our next speaker. To-night he has promised us to respond to the toast of The State of New York. I introduce to you one whom you know fully as well as I do, Reverend Howard Duffield.

MR. DUFFIELD.

Mr. President and members of the Republican Club: At this hour of the night and at this point of the programme, I find myself somewhat in the situation of the gentleman who visited a Sunday school and was invited by the superintendent to make an address. Feeling around for an opening he began: "Scholars, I don't know exactly what to say. What shall I say?" And a little hand went up and a little voice piped out, "You had better say amen and sit down." (Laughter.) It would be indeed impossible to withhold a heartfelt amen to the splendid portrayal of that supreme and master spirit to which we have listened to-night and which enkindled within us a new devotion to the country that has mothered such a hero and made us full of new resolution to perpetuate and to develop the liberties which have been purchased at such a price. I congratulate the States of Ohio and of Pennsylvania upon having for their representatives in the Halls of Congress men animated by the spirit which rang and which shown in the

periods of those who have spoken to us, and I congratulate the Republican Club of the City of New York in the fact that upon the centennial anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's birth they have had present in the gentleman whose speech has just been finished a personality that has exhibited more eloquently than the most convincing rhetoric the splendid sweep of Mr. Lincoln's achievement when he erased from the page of America's story the word African and wrote in its stead American. (Applause.)

New York will always remember, though others may forget, that it was one of her adopted sons, Robert Gould, who, crowned with every grace of birth, courtly, gentle, a cultured scholar, a valorous youth of but twenty-six, was the first white man who rode as a colonel at the head of the first regiment of dusky braves that ever marched under the red, white and blue. (Applause.)

Mr. Lincoln knew that there could be no such defenders of the honor of America as those whom America had set free, and the bitter criticism and the outspoken contempt and scorn with which his measure was met was changed into world wonder and applause when that black regiment by its valor at Fort Wagner evinced a chivalry and a daring that was only paralleled by the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. And it is an honor to the Republican Club to have with it to-night a man who is seeking to develop this very force which shone out so resplendently upon that battlefield and to transform them from a menace into a triumphant guardian of American tradition and the preserver of American destiny.

Gentlemen, the state of New York is the theme which has been assigned to me. It is a somewhat large subject. It claims our attention from its very bigness. It is three hundred years old; it is nearly

fifty thousand square miles in extent. Yesterday it was an island that was bought for a song, to-day, as you have heard, it is the financial centre of the world; it is the nerve centre of the civilization and the political life of this great continent. In New York are the diversities of natural scenery. The state has the greatest coast line of any of the commonwealths, and from the Atlantic upon the one side is echoed, from the other, the organ note of Niagara and the wave-beat of Erie and Ontario. Across its bosom flow the lordly Mohawk to the Hudson. Its ramparts rest in the Catskills and the Adirondacks. It is a stage which nature set for the performance of some great and glorious drama, and upon that stage came trooping all diversities of nationality. There came the Dutch across the sea, fresh from the conquest of Spain; there came the French, chivalrous and brave, over the waters of Champlain; there came the Swedes, trained fighters for liberty, up the highway of the Delaware. Then all roadways centre in New York, and the influences which gathered for the enacting of the tragedy of the drama of which New York was to be the scene, had the outlet and the inlet of the world and of the continent. Do you know that within a stone's throw at the headwaters of the Mohawk there are great rivers that pass through every region east of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence down to the Gulf of Mexico, so that the people of this state stand on guard over the great highways of the continent. Through its port must come the commercial treasures that are to be distributed to the people of the land, and New Yorkers sentinel the gate of America and New Yorkers stand guard on the highways of the mountain passes and the river waterways that furrow the whole of this land east of the Mississippi.

In 1633 a French statesman said to his monarch, "The St. Lawrence is the gateway to what may be the greatest commonwealth in the world. Plant you a seat, sire, at this point," and the point he selected is where Albany stands to-day. General Scott said, speaking as a military man, "New York is the strategic key to America." General Grant echoed his very words, and history shows the correctness of their suggestion. The pivotal fights of the Revolution were simply to control the mountain passes and the valleys of New York State. During the War of 1812 the battle line where victory was decided lay along the Canadian frontier and across the waters of the northern lakes, and a great Confederate has said that the reason for the final breakdown of the Confederacy was that the mountains opened highways and the rivers led straight from the heart of New York in New York down to the very heart of Virginia. I tell you, friends, New York is more like a nation than like a province. There are not a dozen of the world powers to-day that outnumber it in the number of its inhabitants or in the variety of its industries or in the potency of its influence. Never in all history was there an area of fifty thousand square miles filled so rapidly with a tenantry that has such possibilities of control. Why, it is not an exaggeration of local pride; it is the simple views of sober history, that has christened this commonwealth the Empire State. (Applause.)

The State of New York. No great celebration of national scope is complete until a word has been said about that state. There is a proverb that tells us, as goes New York so goes the Union. And that proverb expresses the deep and vital relation between the forces that are generated in this state and the forces that are sovereign throughout the land. You can easily see it must be so. Go back and ask what ceded

this island of New York, what dominated the development of this commonwealth of New York, and you will find that the very genesis of this country was here cradled, nourished and developed into strength. The Dutch came to Manhattan. Well, give the Dutch a mud bank to stand upon and they will conquer the world for freedom. (Applause.) When the Dutch came here they were the aristocracy of Europe; when the Dutch came here Leyden led the world in scholarship and Amsterdam led the world in art, and Holland led the world in every commercial and industrial activity, and the schoolmaster and clergyman and merchant came across the sea bringing to this land the freedom that had been won with their blood and that had been taught them by William of Orange, who died a martyr for the liberties in behalf of which he drew the sword. The Dutch towns were little republics, the Dutch land breathed an atmosphere which was saturated with the liberties of mankind.

Now look at the result. When the Revolutionary period dawned the first formal paper that was issued against the English throne, came from the New York Assembly. The solitary voice of James Otis had been heard in New England, but Samuel Adams was three months behind the New York Assembly, and Patrick Henry three years before he fulminated his warning against the throne of England. The first call for the organization of a Confederacy of the Colonies came from the Assembly of New York. The first blood that was shed in the cause of liberty was shed on Golden Hill in the lower part of the city, when the soldiers of the King undertook to cut down a liberty pole that stood there in the market place. Then did the inhabitants of the town, without arms, cast themselves against the hirelings of tyranny and blood was shed, the first blood that crimsoned American soil in

defense of American liberty. Washington was inaugurated as President and the principle of government was formed down on Wall Street, where his statue stands to-day proclaiming to men that the first treasures of this country are simple and noble and pure manhood. (Applause.)

Then, gentlemen, just turn the page and you come down to the Civil War, and look at the record of New York. When it was proposed to send the Star of the West to provision Sumpter, three New York merchants formed among themselves a syndicate, and out of their private fortunes paid the whole expense of the undertaking. When Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops the quota assigned to New York was thirteen thousand, and the New York Legislature said, "We will put thirty thousand in the field and we will put them there for two years." By the first of July of that year they had forty-six thousand, seven hundred men at the front of battle, and by the first of the next July one of every six able-bodied men of the State of New York wore the blue and marched under the flag. (Applause.) When the call was made for a war loan, out of two hundred and sixty millions of dollars that were subscribed, New York gave two hundred and ten millions. (Applause.) New York, gentlemen, has written her loyalty to the American Union as an Empire State in an imperial way in characters of gold and in characters of blood.

The State of New York. No celebration that honors the name of President Lincoln is complete without a mention of the Empire State. Its men and measures touched his life, and his influence touched it in such a way that that commonwealth is interlocked with his story.

Let me cite but two instances of the many. Downtown on the Bowery stands one of the noblest build-

ings, the benefaction of our princely Peter Cooper, a building erected for the sake of the people's education, and I tell you, fellow Republicans, the people were educated there in a masterly fashion just before the Chicago Convention met which nominated Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was asked to address the Eastern States from that old platform of Cooper Union. Remember the situation of the time. It was a time of extreme confusion; it was a time when the emotions of men were beginning to work as the sea works when the storm wind breathes upon it. There was difference of opinion as to the definitions of history, as to the definitions of patriotism, as to the facts of history, as to the technicalities of the constitution. And there gathered an audience to hear this backwoods lawyer talk to them upon these topics of the hour. It was an audience such as could rarely be gathered in any land—scholars and diplomats, men trained by experience, historians and the makers of history, and unto them enters a long, gaunt and ungainly man, but a man who was a truth seeker, who was a truth lover, who was a truth defender. He was a man who through his slender library had lived in touch with the thought of the mighty spirits of our sires. He was a man who in that lonely forest had communed with the great pioneer souls that launched this nation. He was a man who in the lonely West had pored long and undisturbed over the great fundamental principles of our Government. He was a man who had never lost sight of the stars that shone above the cradle in which our American liberties were rocked. And when he came to discuss the questions of the hour he maintained a singular equipoise and mastery. He did not permit himself to be confused by any mist of self-interest or to be disturbed by any aberration of views arising from any prejudices that were miscar-

ried as fundamental principles. He did not allow himself to be checked by the miasma or irritation from resentment of from criticism. But he simply uttered sentiments that cleared the issues till they shone like the sun. He uttered a voice that crystallized the forces of right in the land into a triumphant host. He stood before that audience in Cooper Union, as patriotic as Demosthenes, but without his passion, as brilliant in his analysis of statesmanship as Burke, but without the dazzle of his rhetoric, with as a keen a mastery of constitutional principles as Webster, but wanting in his Olympic presence; he simply appealed to the common sense and the common honor and the common manhood of his audience, and they heard, as it were, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and men everywhere in the land heard the voice that went out from Manhattan Island, and on that day they heard what no language could speak; they heard a tone that was an echo of the whispers of the mighty past, that was the beckoning call of the splendid future, that was the imperious summons of the patriotism of the present hour for every man to rise for the honor of his flag and for the preservation of his Union. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, one other circumstance. Let me briefly remind you of what you know so well about the circumstances of the Chicago Convention at which Mr. Lincoln was nominated, and let me remind you of the splendid part that New York took in that convention. The train started from New York carrying a superb delegation to the West, whose hearts beat high with resolve and hope to bring about the triumphant nomination of William H. Seward, splendid son of the Empire State, a man who had served as its Governor, a man who represented it as its Senator, a man of courtly learning and noble character, equipped and

schooled by Providence, as it seemed to those who loved him, for the crisis hour that was then striking in the history of our country. All along the road the clear voice of the leader of the delegation, at city after city, sounded the praises and foretold the triumphs of the son of the Empire State. But as the train neared Chicago more and more ominous grew the whisper that the West was determined to place its champion to the front and would not yield one inch to the claims that came from the Eastern seaboard. The New York delegation were by all odds the finest looking set of men in that whole convention; they were physically splendid in their appearance; they marched through the streets of Chicago with banners flying and with drums beating, with the light of a coming victory in their faces and with a determined resolution in their hearts that the crown that Seward had won should be held for him. There at Chicago there were plenty of secessionists, plenty of disunionists, that were gloating over the sectional clash between the East and the West. Let the East and the West lock one another in a death grapple, and the Union would go and the South would win all that it was contending for. In the early days of that convention when the nominations came out there were cheers that reverberated through the wigwam, not the common applause of a political convention, not the crying of a political clique, not the huzzas of a detached and unanswering sentiment, but there was the loud and tremendous voice of hearts that were tense with emotion. Cry and counter-cry rang through that building until it seemed that men were ready to divide in a final death grapple.

Abraham Lincoln rang out like a trumpet from the West, and the New York delegation yielded not one inch; with set faces, with strong hearts, they marched

with silent tread back to their hotel. Doors were shut. They wrestled in the solitude with themselves over the crisis of the situation. Veteran politicians through the land said the Union is gone, veteran statesmen on the ground said the Union cannot be saved; New York is pledged to Seward and cannot give up; the West is pledged to Lincoln and will not abate his claim. And all that night long the New York delegation, strong men, bowed their heads, and men prayed. They prayed for light, and they prayed for what is a greater boon than light, and that is for power enough from God to go wherever the light shone. Next day they marched like heroes to the battle. As they entered the convention, the same pulsing crowds, the same reverberating and intense cries, the same herald note, "Abraham Lincoln," until the teller cried, "He has the majority." Then every eye went to New York. It seemed as though an abyss were opening into which the union of the states was to fall in irretrievable ruin. The New York delegation rose like men on parade, with white set faces, and their leader, his countenance like marble, his voice like a clarion cry, with an accent that should never die out of our American memories—"New York moves to make the nomination of Abraham Lincoln unanimous." (Applause.)

I tell you, friends, great strong men wept like little babes. The world knew then, or it might have known, that the end had come, that a spirit of self-sacrifice, a spirit of splendid triumphant loyalty, such as spoke out through the leader of the Empire State in that moment, was a spirit that could never be conquered by the forces of disloyalty and disunion.

From that hour Seward and Lincoln stand together. Seward will be remembered as long as Lincoln is not forgotten. William H. Seward, the great son of New

York, was (if to any one man belongs the credit), the creator and leader in that day of the Republican party. By personal bravery, by keenness of intellect, by untiring effort, by magnificent eloquence, he had laid the foundations on which the Republican party stood and marched and won its victories. His speeches were translated into numberless languages, his voice rang in multitudes of hearts; North and South men hailed him as the brilliant leader. Said the South, "William H. Seward is the most dangerous and the most formidable man in connection with the United States Government." Said the North, "Our affections and our judgment go out in loyal fealty to William H. Seward, the brightest political light of this day and generation." And he earned that title.

When the news came from Chicago to Auburn, where he was sitting waiting for the tidings of his triumph, there was not a man in the city with courage enough left to write a paragraph for the Daily Republican stating what had occurred. So William H. Seward took the pen in hand and he wrote, "There are no finer or more splendid specimens of manhood or better fitted to carry forward the banner of the Republican party than those who have been selected for this honor." And while the iron entered into his soul, while he wrote to his wife that he was broken hearted, as a general who has been thrust aside at the very moment that the battle line of his forces is forming for decisive conflict, with distress and disappointment in his heart, but with a smile of proud loyalty on his lip and face, he went up and down the country and wrought nobly for the election of Mr. Lincoln as president. And no one can tell what value his services had rendered in the fateful hour in bringing to Washington that master spirit of our country's destiny. When we speak of Mr. Seward and Mr.

Lincoln men are apt simply to think of the few collisions that occurred early in the administration before Mr. Seward had taken Mr. Lincoln's measure, for few men in the land had had opportunity as yet to take his measure. But when those few days were past, Mr. Lincoln knew Mr. Seward's heart; he knew the fineness of Mr. Seward's mind and he "grappled to himself with bands of steel" that splendid son of New York, and together, together, they stood through all the vicissitudes of the Civil strife. Yes, side by side they stood in the fiery furnace of the Civil War, and side by side they stepped down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death in that fateful night which lowered upon Washington. Together Lincoln and the son of New York had their baptism of fire and together they had their baptism of blood, and it reads like that old story in the Good Book, of Elijah and Elisha going hand in hand across the mysterious Jordan out onto the very confines of eternity, where only the great leader was wrapped to Heaven in a whirlwind, and the other, with slow and laggard step and broken heart, made his way back to tarry yet awhile in the desolated land. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, do you remember what is carved upon Mr. Seward's grave Mr. Seward in early life stood in the court rooms of this state and pleaded the cause of a negro who was on trial for murder. He became a target for the bitterest contempt and criticism, he was hounded, he was abused, he was despised, he was spit upon. He stood in the court and said, "Gentlemen, the time will come when you will see that my position is right. The time will come, perhaps not until I am sleeping in my grave, when there will come some poor, down-trodden representative of the classes for whom I have always fought; there will come perchance some poor negro who will

write over the place where my dust reposes, 'He was faithful.'" It is written there to-day and that is all that is written there. He was faithful. Ah, fellow citizens of the Empire State, there is the great watch-word for New York written on the grave where the heart of her great son lies stilled—to be faithful—faithful in the larger conflicts which the years are bringing, faithful in the struggles just as significant as those of the Civil War that are upon you and me to-day, faithful in seeking to shape the larger and the newer civilization that is having birth during these hours while we are living.

Men have said that Mr. Lincoln resembled Washington, that Mr. Lincoln resembled Gladstone. I will tell you who Mr. Lincoln resembled—Mr. Lincoln resembled more than any one else Christopher Columbus. Lincoln was a man who was instinct with the pioneer spirit; Lincoln was a man who could see beyond the horizon; Lincoln was a man who could hear the call of an unseen world; Lincoln was a man who could sail over tempest swept and untracked seas; Lincoln was a pilot who never lifted his hand from the helm until the prow grated upon the coast of a new world. Now, citizens of New York, we are sailing out into a new sea; we are entering into a new era of experience in religion, in business, in politics, in thought. We all feel it and know it. The signs of a new day are flaming up in the eastern sky; the firmament is all alive with the portent of a coming age, and here in New York those questions that are to determine the style and the spirit of the newer society are thronging with most insistent challenge. Right here in New York, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, must be settled the great questions of the use of wealth, the questions of labor, the questions of sanitation, the questions of poverty, the questions of the relation of city to country, the questions of the great

problems of the modern city. Now let us be faithful, faithful to the virtues of Mr. Lincoln, who pioneered the state through its great crisis of the bygone day, and we shall see the state go through the critical period of the present.

What were his special characteristics, Mr. Lincoln was absolutely honest. He as a boy won the title of Honest Abe, and by his life, to the last bloody hour, he demonstrated his right to be known as Honest Abe. Mr. Lincoln was full of sympathy for everybody. He could stop his horse and get out on the road and lift up birds that had fallen from their nests, or he could lay down his life to lift up a nation that had fallen into slavery. Mr. Lincoln was brave. He dared to be in the right with two or three. He did not adopt conclusions that were passed upon by a majority vote. He could announce his creed before it had become the fashion of the multitude. Mr. Lincoln was patient. The stars set, and set in his hope; the sun rose, but his hope was earlier up. Mr. Lincoln had the certain conviction of the triumph of right. He said, "Douglass don't care whether slavery is voted up or whether it is voted down, but God cares and humanity cares and I care, and I cannot fail in my advocacy of this thing. I may never live to see the thing, but the time will come when this cause will triumph and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles right." Mr. Lincoln was a religious man. Like that father of the faithful in the world's great morning time, our Father Abraham was a friend of God. And honesty and sympathy and bravery and piety, these are not exceptional virtues; these may be the crown jewels of the very poorest that is among us, and when we all possess this diadem of virtues, the value and glory of which are taught us by our martyred President, then we can see the work

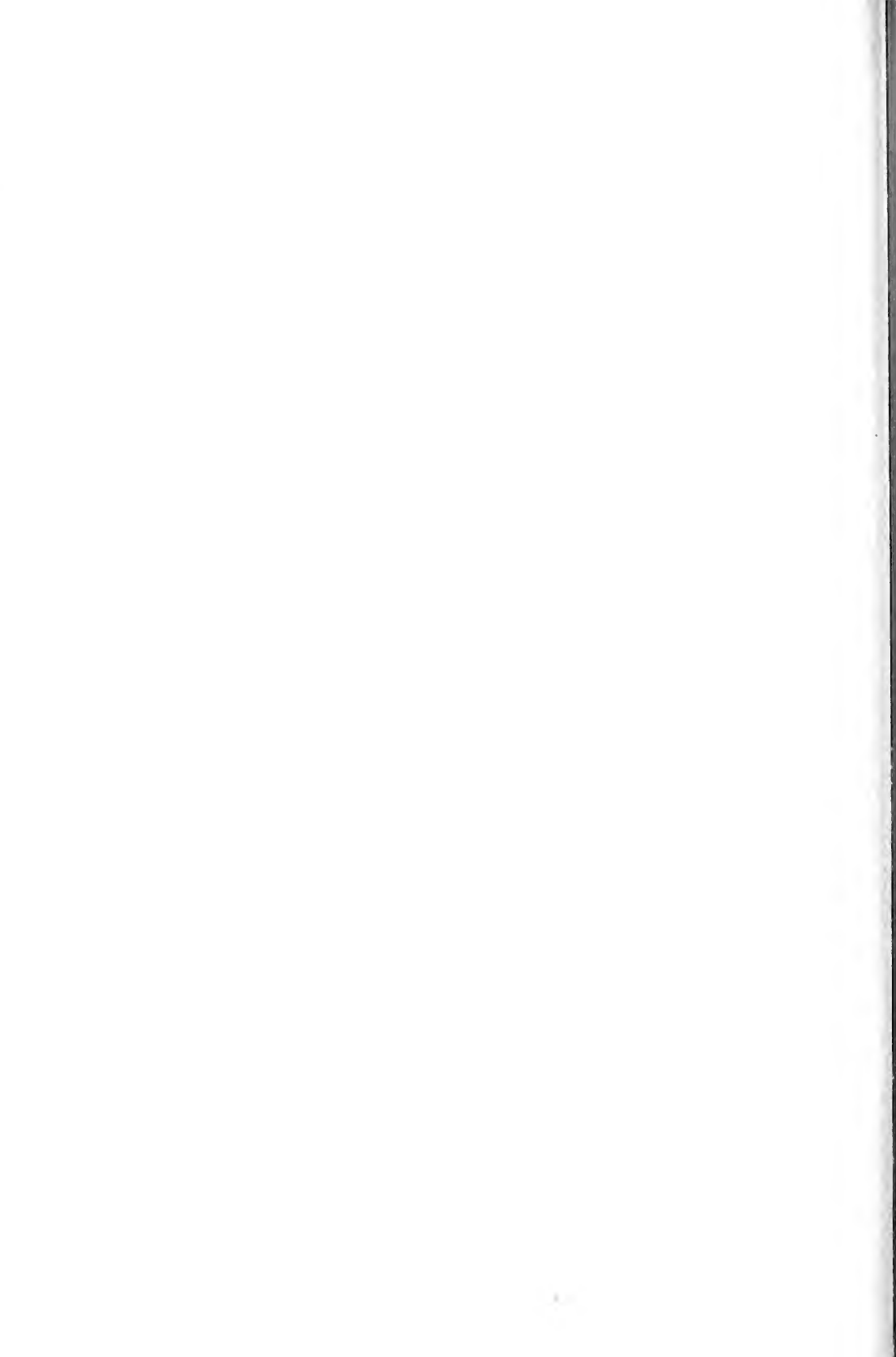
which he began go forward with majestic stride toward its sublime consummation. Mr. Lincoln was cut off untimely. Mr. Lincoln did not finish his task. Mr. Lincoln's life was on the mountain top. Mr. Lincoln was the prelude to that which is yet to come. Mr. Lincoln was the first American, but he was not the last. And those who would fain do him honor should read most deeply the purpose of his heart, should grasp the controlling principles of his life, should realize that he came under the schooling of thought and under the schooling of circumstances, to live and die for one great thing, and that was that every man, should have his rights, and that every man should have his liberties. And the movement that Mr. Lincoln inaugurated on this earth of ours shall not reach its consummation until humanity shall become a commonwealth of comradeship, until it shall be organized as a kingdom of brotherhood, until the dream of the poet shall be realized in the parliament of man and the federation of the world.

When we have a celebration like this, he being dead yet speaketh, and his call to us, fellow citizens of the Empire State, comes at this centennial anniversary after this fashion:

“Here’s a work the good have done;
Here’s the kingdom of his Son,
With its triumph just begun.
Put it through.

“For the birth-right yet unsold,
For the history yet untold,
For the future yet unrolled,
Put it through.

“ ’Tis to you the trust is given,
’Tis by you the bolt is driven,
By the very God of Heaven
Put it through.” (Applause.)



Guests of the Club at President's Table

Honorable WILLIAM L. WARD
Honorable L. A. COOLIDGE
Honorable CHARLES H. TREAT
Colonel JOHN J. McCOOK
HENRY MITCHELL MacCRACKEN, LL.D.
HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, LL.D.
Mr. CHARLES H. YOUNG
Honorable THEODORE E. BURTON
Honorable JAMES FRANCIS BURKE
Right Reverend DAVID H. GREER
Honorable LEVI P. MORTON
Mr. GEORGE R. SHELDON
Honorable HERBERT PARSONS
Honorable LOUIS STERN
General HENRY EDWIN TREMAIN
Mr. A. H. BURROUGHS

Members of the Club and their Guests

Alphabeticlly Arranged.

Abbott, Frank S.
Addoms, Mortimer C.
Aldridge, Geo. W.
Anderson, A. A.
Anderson, Edw. C.
Armbrecht, Wm. H.
Armstrong, John H.
Armstrong, E. J.
Arndt John Stover
Arnold, Lynn J.
Auten, James W.

Bacon, Francis S.
Bacon, Daniel
Baker, Osmon D.
Baker, Wm. A.
Bakewell, Allan C.
Baldwin, Joseph C.
Ball, H. F.
Banmann, G.
Bannard, Otto T.
Barnes, Victor
Batcheller, George Clinton
Bates, Lindon, Jr.
Batt, Charles P.
Batt, C. Strawder
Baumann, G.
Beckett, Charles H.
Bernheim, Julius C.
Bernheimer, Charles L.
Biglin, Bernard
Bill, Edward W.
Bird, E. Dimon
Birrell, Henry
Blau, William
Blanchard, Medbery
Blanchard, James A.
Blakeman, A. Noel
Blindinger, Frederick A.
Bloch, Phillip
Bloomingdale, E. W.
Blum, Albert L.
Blumenthal, George
Boardman, Francis
Bondy, M. S.
Bondy, Wm.

Bonheur, Lucien L.
Booth, E. S.
Borglum, Gutzon
Bouton, Harold
Bower, W. C.
Bowne, S. W.
Boyd, James
Boyle, Rev. James
Boynton, C. H.
Brainerd, Ira H.
Brainerd, Owen
Braman, Dwight
Brannan, Dr. J. W.
Breckinridge, John C.
Breen, Matthew P.
Brewer, Reuben G.
Brewster, Henry D.
Brobst, Frank A.
Brockway, Clark A.
Broesel, Herman
Brookfield, Frank
Brooks, Geo. Murray
Brooks, Dr. Geo. F.
Brown, Gilbert G.
Brown, J. Alexander
Brown, J. Stanley
Brown, W. G.
Browning Wm. H.
Bryan, Claude J.
Bruce, M. Linn
Brugler, Chas. E.
Bullowa, Ralph James M.
Burlingham, Chas. C.
Burns, Benjamin F.
Burroughs, A. H.
Bush, Charles E.

Caesar, Henry A.
Caffey, Francis G.
Cambell, Alexander D.
Chappelle, M.
Cook, C. A.
Campbell, Edward T.
Campbell, Sam'l S.
Candler, Flamen B.
Canfield, A. L.

Carpenter, Francis M.
Carpenter, George W.
Carr, Dr. William
Carrere, John M.
Carter, George B.
Cass, Harry A.
Chappell, A. H.
Chappell, F. V.
Chappell, George S.
Chevalier, C. N.
Clark, Alexander
Clark, Edward Severin
Clark, Stephen C.
Clarke, Frank E.
Clarke, John Proctor
Clarke, Samuel B.
Clarkson, Coker F.
Clarkson, James S.
Clift, E. H.
Cocks, William W.
Coffin, Dr. Lewis A.
Cogswell, C. Van Rensselaer
Cohen, Lawrence B.
Cohen, Wm. N.
Coleman, E. Philip
Coleman, John B.
Collins, J. Ross
Colyer, Charles
Colyer, Charles G.
Colyer, Julian F.
Colyer, Morrison C.
Condon, Martin J.
Conklin, C. E.
Conkling, Alfred R.
Conover, Frank E.
Conover, Samuel S.
Conover, William
Conway, James T.
Cook, C. A.
Corse, Frederick M.
Costello, P. C.
Crandell, Paul M.
Crawford, Gilbert H.
Crawford, F. L.
Crandall, Wm. F.
Creighton, Hugh M.
Crippen, E. R.
Cromwell, George
Cross, George D.
Crumbie, Frank R.
Crawford, Hanford
Cuff, William E.
Cummins, William J.
Cupples, Victor M.

Day, Ralph A.
Dale, Alfred G.
Davenport, Timothy
Davis, Dr. A. Edward
Davis, Charles J.
Davis, Lee Parsons
Davis, Gherardi
Davis, Henry Clark
Davison, G. Howard
Davison, H. P.
Dayton, Charles W.
Deeves, Richard
Deeves, J. Henry
De Lano, S. S.
Demond, Charles M.
De Motte, Dwight W.
Denison, William S.
Denman, Frederick H.
Dennis, Laban W.
Dent, T. Ashley
Deuel, Joseph M.
Devlin, Wm. H.
Dickinson, Charles C.
Dike, Oscar D.
Di Giorgio, Salvatore
Donohue, C. J.
Dorning, Dr. John
Draper, C. A.
Dudley, H. L.
Duell, C. H.
Duell, H. S.
Dufft, Carl E.
Dutton, John A.
Dutton, Samuel T.

Eaton, Bradley L.
Eaton, Fred. H.
Ehlers, Dr. E. C.
Ehlers, E. M. L.
Eilert, E. F.
Einstein, William
Elsberg, Herman A.
Elsberg, N. A.
Emery, E. W.
Emery, J. H.
Emery, William E.
Erlanger, M. L.
Eschwege, Emanuel
Evans, Wm. H.

Fairchild, B. L.
Fallows, Edward H.
Fancher, Samuel H.

Farnsworth, Frederick
Faulks, Fred'k J.
Felsinger, William
Fenner, Burt L.
Ferris, Frank A.
Filor, Walter H.
Finch, Edward R.
Fisk, Harvey E.
Flanders, Walter C.
Ford, John
Forrest, Archibald A.
Foster, Dr. Herbert W.
Foster, Warren W.
Fowler, Purdy A.
Freeland, William
Frenkel, Emil
Frost, Le Roy
Fuller, Charles W.
Fulle, Frederick W.

Galloway, Charles T.
Gardiner, H. Norman
Gardner, George A.
Garland, T. W., Jr.
Gatehouse, George W.
George, Edwin Stanton
Gibbs, Herbert H.
Gilbert, Alexander
Gilbert, H. Bramhall
Gilbert, Dr. Levi
Gillet, Geo. M.
Gilman, E. R.
Gilman, Theodore P.
Gleason, A. H.
Goddard, Rev. John Calvin
Goldsmith, August
Goldsmith, O. M.
Gough, William T.
Grattan, William J.
Gray, Olin D.
Greene, Clay M.
Greene, Frank H.
Greene, John Arthur
Greene, John Arthur, Jr.
Greene, Richard T.
Greenhut, Joseph B.
Greenhut, Ben. J.
Greiner, Fred.
Grismer, Joseph R.
Grifenhagen, Max S.
Griffin, Daniel
Grieshaber, Carl F.
Gruber, Abraham
Guggenheim, Daniel

Guggenheim, Isaac
Gude, Oscar J.

Hadley, Arthur
Haldenstein, I.
Hall, John R.
Halstead, Jacob
Hamilton, Alexander
Hammerling, Louis W.
Hammerschlag, Edwin
Hammond, John Henry
Hardy, Charles J.
Harker, John
Harkness, E. S.
Harris, Edward W.
Haviland, Merritt E.
Hay, C. C.
Hayes, James P.
Hayes, Scott R.
Hays, Daniel P.
Hazelton, A.
Hearn, George A.
Hedges, Job E.
Hegemann, B. A., Jr.
Hegeman, Charles F.
Heide, Henry
Helm, Gustav A.
Herzog, Paul M.
Hessberg, Albert
Higley, Warren
Hillman, Ben.
Hirsch, Morris J.
Hitchcock, Frank H.
Hitchcock, J. F.
Hoe, Alfred G.
Hoe, Wm. J.
Hoefler, H.
Holland, A. G.
Holt, George C.
Holt, Hamilton
Hooker, Sherman A.
Hoops, Herman W.
Hoover, Herbert C.
Hotchkiss, E. W.
House, F. B.
Howe, Benjamin
Howe, William D.
Humphrey, A. B.
Humphreys, J. J., Jr.
Hunter, Richard R.
Hunting, H. T. W.
Huntington, S. V. V.
Hurley, J. J.
Hurley, W. M.
Hyde, Elmer W.

- Ingham, Rev. J. H.
Intemann, E. A.
Jacobs, S. E.
Jenkins, J. Alva
Jenkins, Wm. B.
Jones, Edwin A.
Jones, Walter G.
Jones, Wm. A.
Kaltenbach, H. J.
Keener, William A.
Kelsey, Otto
Kendall, Messmore
Kent, F. I.
Kenyon, Alan D.
Kenyon, Robert N.
Kenyon, William H.
Kerfoot, Branch P.
Kettredge, Rev. Abbott E.
Keys, C. M.
King, Chas. O.
Kinna, William H.
Klein, William
Knox, Henry C.
Koch, Frank
Kohn, Sol.
Kohns, Lee
Kraus, Samuel
Kress, Samuel H.
Kridel, Samuel
Kugelman, J. G.
Kuhn, August
Kursheedt, Roland
Lambert, M.
Lambert, M. H.
Lane, Chas. M.
Larendon, Robert E.
Lauer, Edgar J.
Lauterbach, Edward
Laughlin, Frank C.
Lawrence, James
Leahy, Daniel O'M.
Leary, William
Leaycraft, Edgar C.
Leaycraft, J. Edgar
Lehmaier, J. S.
Lehman, David
Leipzigiger, Henry
Leslie, Warren
Lestrade, Joseph P.
Lestrade, F. W.
Lestrade, James W.
Levy, Samuel H.
Lewis, Dr. Daniel
Lewis, Edson
Lewis, Liston L.
Lewis, R. V.
Lewisohn, Frederick
Llewellyn, Wm. D.
Loeb, Louis
Loewe, D. E.
Look, David M.
Lowengard, Otto
Lucie, Gregory M.
Lyon, John H.
McAleenan, Joseph A.
Maas, Charles O.
McCall, Edward E.
McCarthy, Thomas M.
McClellan, John W.
McClure, T. C.
McConnell, F. W.
McCook, Anson G.
McCook, Col. John J.
McCook, Philip J.
McEldowney, J. H.
McGarrah, G. W.
McGay, Frank B.
McGuire, Ed. J.
McKinney, R. C.
McKenna, J. T.
McLean, Donald
McLean, James
McWhirter, Hugh L.
MacCracken, Henry M., LL.D.
MacDonald, C. H.
MacDonald, James A.
MacDonald, Samuel Rowley
Macfarland, Dr. R. L.
MacMullen, Rev. Wallace
MacRossie, Rev. Allen
Mallon, Geo. Barry
Mamluk, R. R.
March, James E.
Marks, Edward B.
Marks, Marcus M.
Marshall, Louis
Marshall, W. H.
Matchett, James J.
Matthews, Thomas A.
Mayer, Walter I.
Mayers, Samuel
Maynard, Reuben Leslie
Maze, Montgomery
Mebane, B. Frank
Meighan, Burton C.

Melville, Henry
Merritt, Charles E.
Merriam, Charles E.
Metz, Herman A.
Meyer, Eugene, Jr.
Meyer, John H.
Meyer, Walter E.
Miller, E. M. F.
Miller, H. S.
Miller, W. F.
Mills, Isaac N.
Montague, Wm. P.
Moore, D. Levis
Moore, Wm. H.
Morgenthau, G. L.
Morgenthau, Henry
Morgenthau, Maximillian
Morris, F. P.
Morris, Newbold
Morris, Robert C.
Morris, W. Cullen
Morse, Perley
Muurling, I. J. R.
Murphy, John C.
Murray, Wm.
Murray, J. T.

Nast, A. J.
Nathan, Michael
Necarsulmer, Henry
Neuburger, Max
Nesmith, Loring G.
Newton, R. C.
Nicholson, John E.
Nisbet, Dr. J. Douglas
North, Rev. F. M.
Noyes, Walter C.
Nussbaum, Myer

Obermeyer, Theodore
Odell, Rutledge I.
O'Gorman, James A.
Olcott, J. Van Vechten
Olcott, R. Morgan
Oliver, William H.
Olmsted, W. H.
O'Malley, E. R.
O'Malley, James
Oppenheimer, S.
Osborn, Fairfield
Owen, N. R.

Page, Alfred R.
Palmer, Frank L.
Park, Charles

Parker, Edward W.
Parsons, Edgerton, Jr.
Parsons, Herbert
Patton, J. B.
Peabody, James C.
Peck, Edwin H.
Peake, William W.
Pedersen, Dr. James
Pedersen, Dr. Victor C.
Pentz, Archibald M.
Perkins, Charles E.
Perkins, G. W.
Peters, H. W.
Phelan, John V.
Phillips, Louis J.
Piercy, H. Clay
Pitcher, Conrad
Pollock, Walter
Pomroy, Frederick H.
Popper, William C.
Porter, Dr. Eugene H.
Porter, Frederick P.
Porter, Dr. William H.
Porter, W. H.
Prince, Henry A.
Prince, Siegfried S.
Prince, Theodore
Purdy, George M.

Quinn, Peter

Raymond, Thomas L.
Reynolds, James Bronson
Reichman, Joseph B.
Rhodes, Bradford
Rhein, M. L.
Rhineland, Frederic W.
Ridabock, Francis A.
Ritchie, Albert
Richard, Edwin A.
Ritter, Edward P. V.
Robertson, Albert
Robertson, Julius
Robinson, George H.
Robinson, W. H.
Rockwood, George
Roethlisberger, Robert
Rogers, Walter F.
Roome, Wm. J.
Rosalsky, Otto A.
Rosenfeld, George
Rosenthal, Moritz
Russell, Charles Hazen
Russell, Charles M.
Reid, T. Chambers
Reid, Wallace

Sackett, Henry W.
Safford, Deloid
Saxe, Martin
Schallek, Max L.
Scheuerman, Henry L.
Schultz, E.
Seabury, Samuel
Seibold, L. M.
Seligman, Alfred L.
Seybel, Fred. W.
Seymour, A. H.
Sheffield, James R.
Sheldon, George P.
Sheldon, George R.
Sherman, E. Taylor
Shotwell, George M.
Simpson, David B.
Slade, Fred
Sleicher, John A.
Smith, Benjamin W.
Smith, Henry
Smith, Jesse M.
Snyder, Henry L.
Spear, Maynard H.
Spencer, C. S.
Spiegelberg, William I.
Spratt, Charles E.
Stanton, Dr. John G.
Starr, Charles P.
Steele, Rev. J. Nevett
Stein, A. N.
Stern, J. Ernest
Stern, Leopold
Stern, Melville A.
Stevens, F. C.
Stewart, Alexander
Stieglitz, Albert
Strasbourger, Samuel
Strong, B., Jr.
Stilger, A. E.
Stratton, Gerald
Street, George W.
Sutherland, George R.
Sutherland, W. B.
Sutro, Richard

Taft, Henry W.
Tappan J. B. C.
Tapper, Thomas
Tarbox, Russell Lord
Tatnall, Henry
Taylor, Louis R.
Taylor, Nelson
Tener, Hampden E., Jr.

Thomas, Chas. G. M.
Thomas, T.
Thompson, J. F.
Thorburn, A. M.
Tipple, Rev. E. S.
Tooker, Edmund C.
Tooker, Harold C.
Townsend, Dr. Irving
Trimm, H. A.
Turner, Alfred R., Jr.
Twiss, C. Victor

Upham, George F.
Utter, H. W.

Ver Planck, William G.
Valentine, James
Van Norden, Warner M.
Vietor, George F.
Villard, Oswald G.
Vreeland, J. C.
Vrooman, John W.

Wait, William Bell, Jr.
Waldman, Louis I.
Walter, Henry
Walter, Wm. I.
Wandling, J. Clyde
Wandling, James L.
Ward, S. L. H.
Waycott, Albert
Weaver, C. M.
Weber, Joseph M.
Wechsler, Philip
Weil, David L.
Weiman, G. A.
Weinman, Moses
Wells, Lawrence
Welch, W. A.
Werner, Louis
Wetmore, Edmund
Wheeler, A. G., Jr.
Wheeler, Chas. B.
Wheeler, Wm. J.
Whelpley, J. D.
White, J. Du Pratt
Whitin, E. Staggs
Whitman, Chas. S.
Whitmore, D. W.
Wiener, Clarence
Williams, E. S.
Williams, Frank
Williams, John
Williams, William

Wilkins, Hartwell A.
Wills, James
Wilson, S. M.
Witter, William C.
Winslow, F. A.
Winter, Clarence
Witherby, Edwin E.
Winthrop, Bronson
Wolf, Frank
Wolf, Simson
Wood, George F.
Wood, Horatio N.
Woodhouse, J. S.
Woodward, Collin H.

Woolson, Ira H.
Worcester, Frank J.
Wormser, Leo
Wright, George M.
Wright, H. C.

Yawger, J. Francis
Yereance, James
Young, Charles H.
Young, J. Addison
Young, Russell A.

Zartmann, Wm. J.
Zeller, Lorenz

Ladies

Guests of Members of the Club.

Anderson, Mrs. A. A.
Anderson, Miss C.

Barringer, Dr. Emily Dunning
Batcheller, Mrs. George Clinton
Bernheimer, Mrs. Jerome
Bonheur, Mrs. Lucien L.
Brewster, Mrs. Henry D.
Brobst, Mrs. Frank A.
Brugler, Mrs. Charles E.
Burke, Mrs. James Francis
Bush, Mrs. C. E.

Clarkson, Mrs. James S.
Clarkson, Mrs. Coker F.
Cogswell, Mrs. C. Van Rensselaer
Cohen, Mrs. Lawrence B.
Cohn, Miss
Crawford, Mrs. Hanford

Davidson, Miss Clara
Davis, Mrs. Lee Parsons
Davis, Mrs. Charles J.
Day, Ralph A. (three guests.)
Donohugh, Mrs. T. S.
Dudley, Mrs. H. L.
Duffield, Mrs. Howard
Duffield, Miss

Floyd, Miss

George, Mrs. E. Stanton
Gillet, Mrs. George M.
Gilman, Mrs. Theo. P.
Goesling, Miss Anna L.
Goldsmith, Mrs. August
Gray, Mrs. Olin D.
Guggenheim, Mrs. Daniel

Hayes, Mrs. James P.
Herzog, Mrs. Paul M.
Higley, Mrs. Warren

Holt, Mrs. Hamilton
Hyde, Mrs. Elmer W.
Hoeffler, Mrs. H.

Jacobi, Miss Edith
Jacobs, Mrs. S. E.
Jones, Mrs.
Jones, Miss

Kaltenbach, Mrs. Henry J.
Kendall, Mrs. F.
Kenyon, Mrs. Robert N.
Kenyon, Miss
Kenyon, Miss Dorothy
Koch, Mrs. Frank

Lauterbach, Mrs. Edward
Leaycraft, Mrs. J. Edgar
Lehmaier, Mrs. J. S.
Lewis, Miss
Lowengard, Mrs. Otto

Marshall, Mrs. Louis
McCants, Mrs. R. G.
McClure, Mrs. T. C.
McEldowney, Mrs. J. H.
Marks, Mrs. Edward B.
Miller, Dr. Elise Prince
Meyer, Eugene, Jr.
(five guests.)

Necarsulmer, Miss

Odell, Mrs. Rutledge I.

Montague, Mrs. William P.
Morgenthau, Mrs. M.
Morgenthau, Mrs. H.
Morgenthau, Mrs. G. L.

Porter, Mrs. Eugene H.
Porter, Mrs. William H.
Prince, Mrs. Siegfried S.

Richmond, Mrs. E. D.
Renskorf, Mrs. Charles S.
Rhein, Mrs. M. L.
Robertson, Mrs. Albert
Robertson, Miss Claire
Rosalsky, Mrs. Otto A.
Rosenfeld, Mrs. George
Rosenstein, Mrs. David

Seymour, Mrs. A. H.
Schultze, Mrs. E.
Shedd, Mrs. Josephine
Smith, Mrs. Jessie M.
Starkey, Mrs. Ella
Stern, Mrs. Lepold
Stieglitz, Mrs. Albert
Sutherland, Mrs. W. B.
Sutro, Mrs. Richard

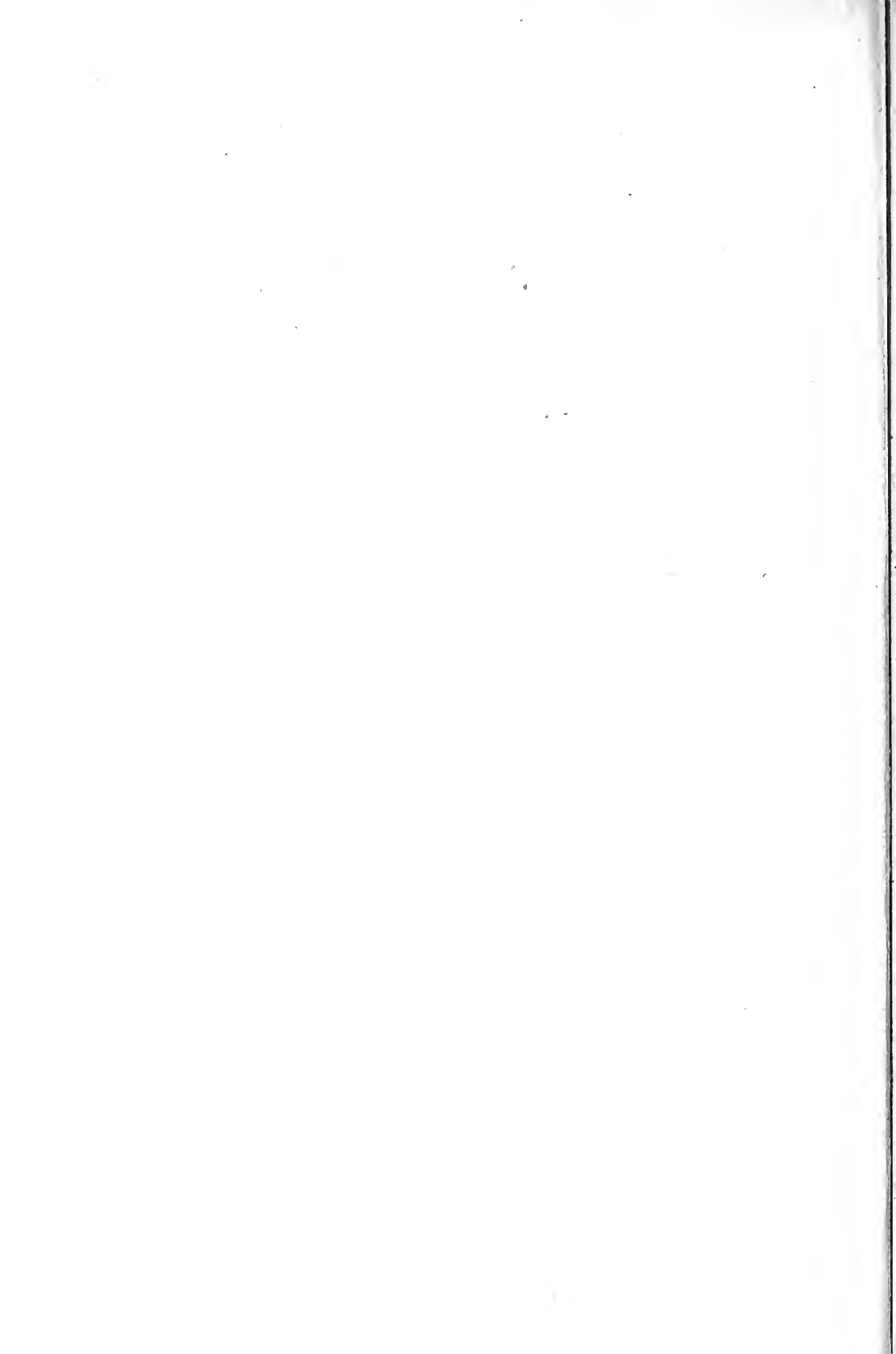
Tatnall, Mrs. Henry
Taylor, Mrs. Nelson

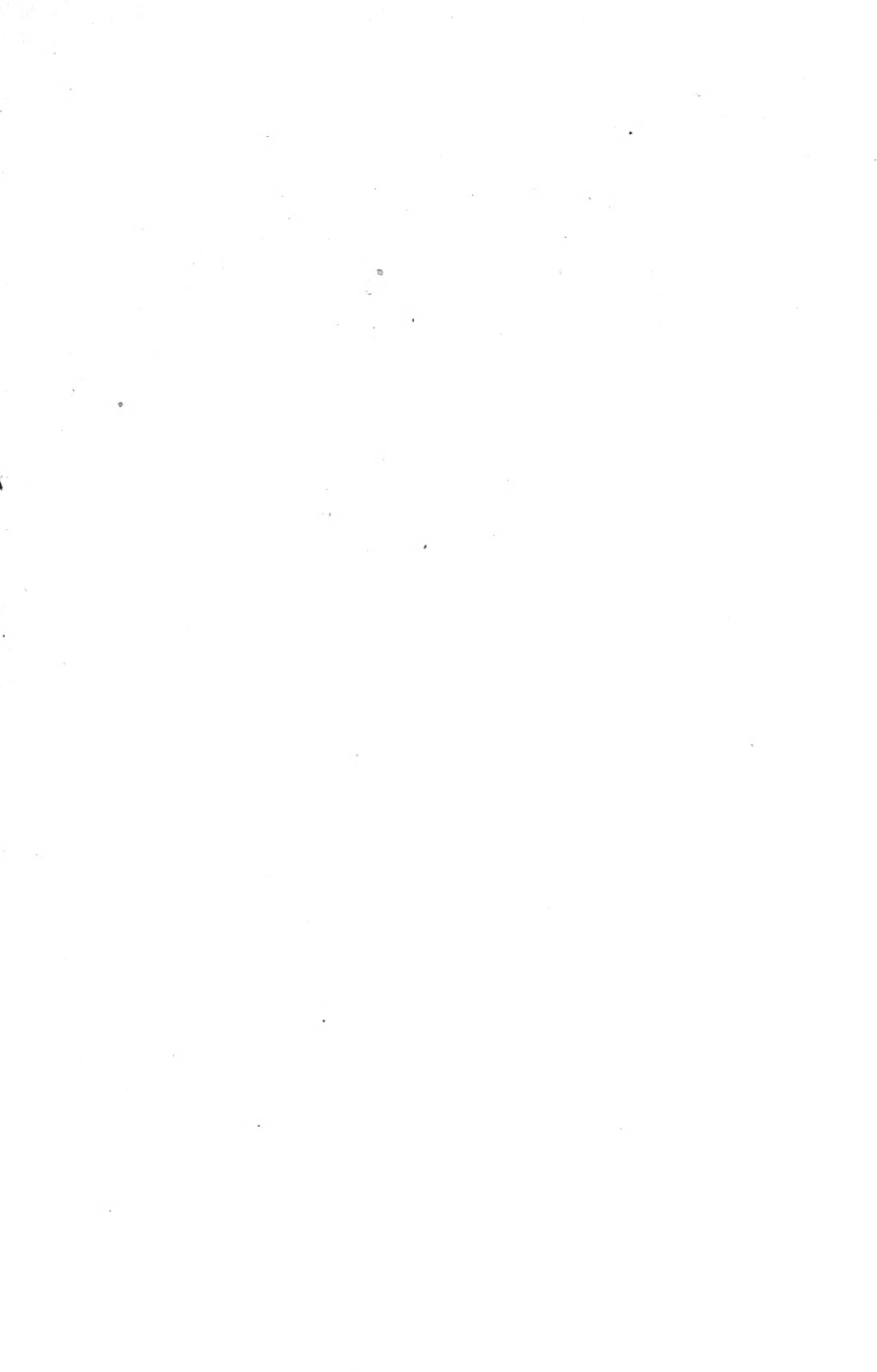
Tooker, Mrs. Edmund C.
Tooker, Miss Mildred D.
Townsend, Miss
Townsend, Miss F.

Utter, Mrs. H. W.

Weaver, C. M. (guest)
Weber, Mrs. Joseph M.
Wheeler, Mrs. William J.
Wilbour, Mrs. C. B.
Winslow, Mrs. F. A.
Witter, Mrs. William C.
Witter, Miss Florence
Wood, Mrs. Horatio N.
Wright, Mrs. H. C.

Yawger, Mrs. J. Francis
Young, Mrs. Charles H.
Young, Miss Juliet





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 837 683 3